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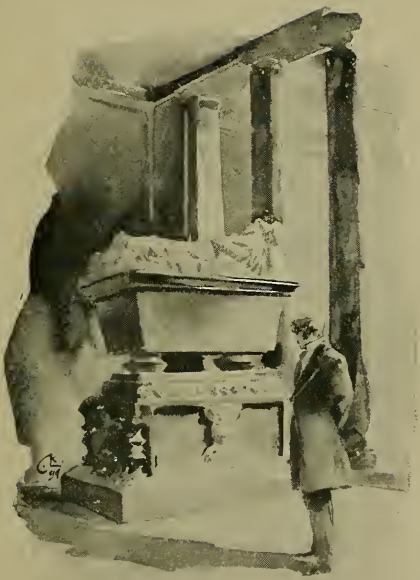
Of the stern agony, and shroud,
and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the
narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow
sick at heart ;—
Go forth, under the open sky,
and list
To Nature's teachings, while
from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the
depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few
days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see
no more

The narrow house.



Go forth, under the open sky, and list to Nature's teachings.

In all his course; nor yet in the
cold ground,

"WHERE THY PALE FORM WAS LAID, WITH MANY TEARS."

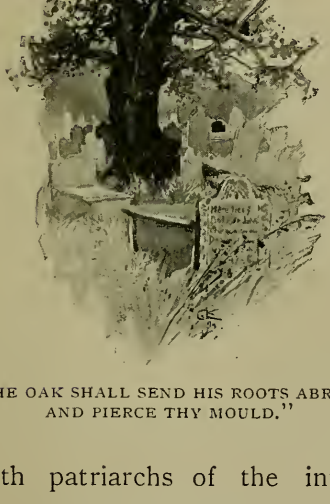
Where thy pale form was laid,
with many tears,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish

To thine eternal
resting-place.

Couch more magnificent. Thou
shalt lie down



"THE OAK SHALL SEND HIS ROOTS ABROAD,
AND PIERCE THY MOULD."

With patriarchs of the infant
world—with kings,

The vales stretching in
pensive quietness
between.

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,

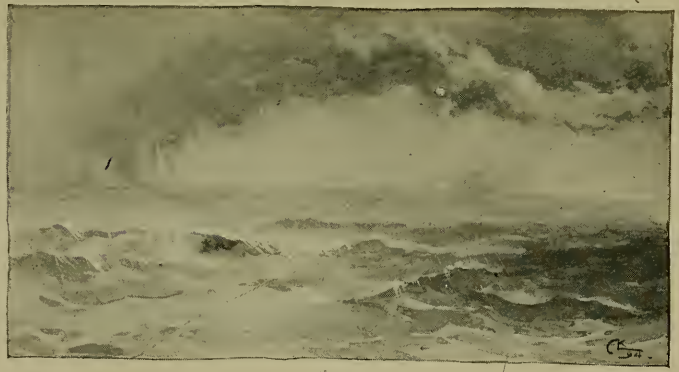
Rivers that move in
majesty.

The complaining
brooks that make the
meadows green.

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy
waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations
all
Of the great tomb of man. The
golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host
of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of
death,
Through the still lapse of ages.
All that tread
The globe are but a handful to
the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take
the wings

Old Ocean's gray and
melancholy
waste.

Like one who wraps
the drapery of his
couch about
him.



Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there :
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw

Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train

Yet all these shall
leave their mirth
and their
employments.

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,

"WHEN THY SUMMONS COMES."

The youth in life's
green spring.

The sweet babe, and
the gray-headed
man.

By those, who in their turn shall
follow them.

So live, that when thy summons
comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that
moves
To that mysterious realm, where
each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of
death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave
at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but,
sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach
thy grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery
of his couch

"SUSTAINED AND SOOTHED BY AN UNFALTERING TRUST."

About him, and lies down to
pleasant dreams.

FINIS.

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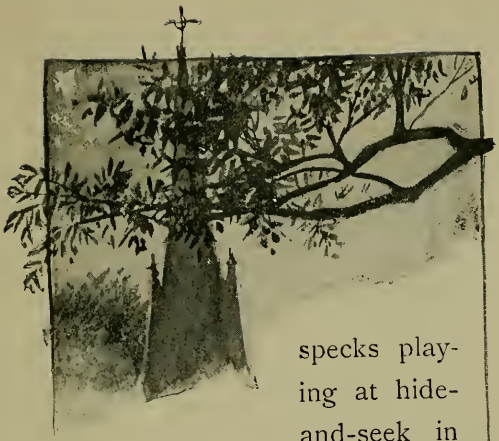

specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves.

sister drooped, and came to be so very weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

THE CHILD LOOKED SADLY OUT BY HIMSELF.

E S

Specimen Pages,

"Evangeline." Longfellow.

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"This is the forest primeval"

"'PATIENCE!' THE PRIEST WOULD SAY."

"HUNTING FOR FURS IN THE FORESTS."

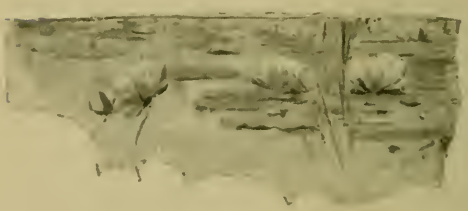
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,

"WROTE WITH A STEADY HAND."

"HOLDING ALOFT IN HIS HANDS, WITH ITS SEALS, THE ROYAL COMMISSION."

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,



"WATER-LILIES IN MYRIADS."

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,

Specimen Pages,

"The Day Dream."
Tennyson.

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III.

'O eyes long laid in happy sleep!'

'O happy sleep, that lightly fled!'

"AND O'ER THEM MANY A FLOWING RANGE OF VAPOR BUOY'D THE CRESCENT-BARK."

'O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!'

'O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!'

Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.

"AND BEAKER BRIMM'D
WITH NOBLE WINE.

Specimen Pages,

"Songs of Seven." Ingelow.

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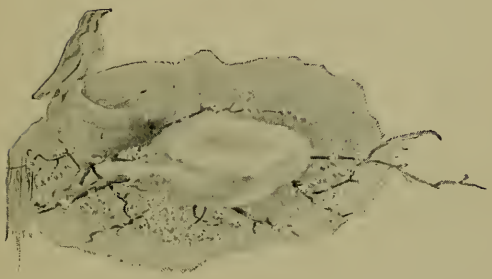
"BUT I'LL LOVE HIM MORE, MORE THAN E'ER WIFE LOVED BEFORE, BE THE DAYS DARK OR BRIGHT."

BY THE SYCAMORE
PASSED HE, AND THROUGH
THE WHITE CLOVER.

IV.

A song of a nest :—
There was once a nest in a hollow :



"I PRAY YOU HEAR MY SONG OF A NEST, FOR IT IS NOT LONG."

Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—

"O VELVET BEE, YOU'RE A DUSTY FELLOW."

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

Specimen Pages,

"Selections from Point Lace and Diamonds." Baker.

Collection of "Masterpieces."

"WE TWO TOOK POSSESSION OF THE STAIRS."
—Page 8.

"HER FACE IS SAINT-LIKE."

That bright young creature kneeling there
With every feeling, every thought

Absorbed in high and holy dreams
Of—new Spring dresses, truth to say
To them the time is sanctified
From Shrove-tide until Easter day.

"'I, HELENA, TAKE THEE—LOVE—CHERISH—AND'—WELL, I CAN'T HELP IT,—'OBEY.'"

"HER FATHER'S VOICE CAME THROUGH THE WOOD, HE'D MADE A FORTUNE TANNING LEATHER."

Above, the heavens aglow with light,
Beneath our feet the sleeping ocean,
E'en as the sky my hope was bright,
Deep as the sea was my devotion.

Her father's voice came through the wood,
He'd made a fortune tanning leather;
I was his clerk; I thought it good
To keep on talking about the weather.

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